

REGION TEN
WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS
RECORD OF PADDLE AWARDS

NAME	LACKORE, LU
ADDRESS	316 WEST DIAMOND LAKE ROAD, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
COUNCIL	MINNEAPOLIS
DATE OF TRIP	AUGUST 29TH TO SEPTEMBER 4, 1943.
GUIDE	VICTOR A. LYNN

PADDLE AWARDS : DATE	
BRONZE	4/15/44
GOLD	
SILVER	

APRIL 20TH,
1 9 4 4.

SCOUT LU LACKORE,
316 WEST DIAMOND LAKE ROAD,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

DEAR SCOUT LACKORE:-

I HAVE BEEN PLEASED TO REVIEW YOUR APPLICATION FOR THE
PADDLE AWARD. I FIND EVERYTHING IN ORDER AND HAVE SENT THE
AWARD UNDER SEPARATE COVER.

I AM SURE YOU HAVE ENJOYED THE CANOE TRIPS AND RECEIVED
A LOT OF BENEFIT FROM WADING THROUGH THE VARIOUS REQUIREMENTS.
YOU HAVE OUR CONGRATULATIONS.

SINCERELY
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

KENNETH G. BENTZ,
REGIONAL EXECUTIVE.

H

*passed out
4/15/44
(silver one left)*

Date Sept 9 1943

Boy Scouts of America
Region Ten,
1112 Minnesota Building,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Please Print

I hereby apply for the

BRONZE Award

I have completed all requirements for this award (see evidence attached).

My height is 5' 9".

Scout or Scouter Lu Lackore

Address 316 WEST DIAMOND LK. Rd

Approved by Guide Victor A. Lyman

Approved by Director Hod Rudolph

Approved by Scout Executive _____

COUNCIL _____

APPROVED
APR 5 1944
F. J. Bonee

Approved by Region Ten Executive

R. G. Berty

*See d
Paddle*

*Lu Lackore
316 West Diamond Lake Road
Minneapolis, Minnesota*

*Return colored pictures to
him*

March 26, 1944

The 187 Explorer Canoe Trip

Each year the Explorer Scouts of Troop 187 take a canoe trip from the Region Ten Canoe Base. The Base is on Moose Lake which is connected with the border chain. The Base is about twenty-five miles northeast of Ely, Minnesota.

Last summer, following the usual tradition, we called a council in August to see how many could go. We found that there would be only six, less than half. This didn't douse our spirits, for the fewer there are the farther one can travel. In the picture of the Bath Tub in Louisa Falls, I am on the left; next is Stan Langland; in the back is Vic Lynne, our guide; Doug Thornsjo, Bruce Larson, and Randy Olson follow. Bob Miller, our swamper, took this picture.

August 29. We all gathered at the Base and prepared ourselves for the trip which was to start the next day.

August 30. About eight-thirty in the morning we threw our packs on our backs and went down to the lake to select our canoes. Vic had all the cook packs packed, and as soon as we got our canoes, we left. We were the second party to leave the Base, and we passed the first party before we hit Prairie Portage. We then struck out thru Bayley Bay portage into Burk, then to Sunday, thru Meadow, and into Agnes. We paddled over to Louisia Falls and took a swim above the tree tops in the "Bath Tub". That is my first picture. In the foreground the Falls drop another fifty feet. We ate lunch here and paddled up to Silence Cutoff, which we reached at 5:00. We had a good start now and had only

paddled a total of seven hours. To end a perfect day, there was a beautiful display of northern lights of many colors.

August 31. We rose fairly early and broke camp by about 9:30. We paddled up Agnes against a wind which made it tough. We reached Kawnipi at noon and had our lunch on a large rock. After lunch we set out up Kawa Bay. About 4:00 we reached the mouth of the Waweag (Wawtag on the map). We met a two week trip coming in at the mouth of the river. They were camping for the night. This was our second day out, and they were on their way home, with a week left. They told us of a ranger cabin up on Mack Lake so we set our sights on it for the evening. We paddled up the river till about 8:00 at night and finally found the creek that lead to Mack. It was a swamp with very little water. We finally got into Mack just after dark. We were dead tired after eleven hours of paddling. The two-weeker's had told us how to get into the cabin, and so we set up house keeping in a modest sort of way. It was a good thing that we were in the cabin because it rained all night. The picture of the log cabin is the one on Mack.

September 1. We slept late and took longer than usual to clean the cabin, but we left Mack about 10:30 or 11:00. We retraced our steps down the Waweag and into Kawa Bay. Again we had big waves to fight, and the going was slow. But finally we got down to the upper edge of the "Island" and ate lunch. All afternoon we paddled like dogs down the upper edge of Hunter's Island. There were a lot of short portages around little falls which added interest. We wanted to get to Saganagons, for we had heard there was another cabin there. But it was pitch dark when we finished

the last portage, so we found a camp spot and stopped. It was around 10:00 and we had paddled almost twelve hours.

September 2. The Miller's have a cabin on Snow Bank Lake, and our goal for the day was a spring bed that night. This was the stretch. If we made it, we would have two days to loaf, with only two portages between us and the Base. We paddled thru Lillypad, Jasper, and Swan to get to the border. It was shorter to go into Cache Bay, but there's a ranger station there, and our permit didn't allow us to return the way we were returning. We breezed down the border, but night was closing in when we portaged into Ensign. When we crossed Ensign it was black. We hunted for the portage for a long time, but couldn't find it. We couldn't find a camp site either. So we made one in the dark. It rained again that night.

September 3. In the daylight it took us two hours to find the portage into Boot. It hadn't been used for years. It was a long one, perhaps a mile, maybe more. It was very pretty and there was an old lumber camp there. Probably no one had been over this trail since the turn of the century. It was a cinch thru Boot, into Snow Bank, to Miller's, and rest.

September 4. Mr. Miller towed us across Snow Bank to the Flash Lake portage. We transversed Flash and found the portage from there to the Base marked about every ten feet with orange paint. Up to this time we had made four portages in the semi-darkness and one at night, but here in the broad daylight we lost a trail marked with orange paint. We went on thru the woods but missed our mark by about four blocks and ended up on the road leading

into the Base. They were a little surprised to see us coming down the road carrying canoe and pack from the opposite direction from that which we were supposed to.

Upon returning to the Base, we found we were the first Scout trip to come into the Base the Ensign, Boot, Snow Bank, Flash way. Also we had taken the longest one week trip out of the Base. We already have a bigger trip set for next year and hope to break our old record. I believe we can do this if the draft doesn't separate us.